NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

No 52—VOL. XXII. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1811 1149.

THE FOLLY OF PRECIPITATE RESENTMENT.

A Story, founded on Fact.

Continued.

This declaration of Charlotte's had a strange effect upon the mind of Mr. Wentworth. He entertained but a poor opinion of any woman's person, who was not willing to risque every consideration for the man she really loved; and had no notion of a ridiculous obedience to a parent, who would force a child to be miserable. His pride was mortified to meet with a refusal to what he considered a very rational request: and he expressed himself rather a little too sharply on that subject to Miss Charlotte.

Miss Charlotte, though she had all her sex's tenderness, was not entirely destitute of its resentment; and could not bear to be reproached for want of a proper esteem for a man she loved to distraction. She was nettled at his remark, and provoked him by her answer; which produced a reply of the utmost severity; upon which Miss Charlotte, bursting into tears declared that since he had no opinion of her affection, he deserved but little proof of her fidelity; and that if she could be prevailed upon to follow her father's advice, he must entirely lay the blame upon his own behaviour.

Mr Wentworth now recollected he had gone something too far, but could not possibly think of being the first to make a concession; and Miss Charlotte, though her soul languished for reconciliation, was determined that he should. In short, with an affectation of anger on both sides, neither would stoop to be happy; and from not condescending to be pleased, were both resolved to be miserable. He took a formal leave, to which he wished her all happiness with his lordship; and she, though her heart loved at the expression, endeavoured to summon an equal indifference to thank him.

Matters were in this situation when his lordship arrived at Sir John's, and was introduced in the customary form to Miss Charlotte: her resentment against Mr. Wentworth gave an additional colour to her cheeks, that was an increase to her beauty; and possibly the respect with which she treated his lordship, entirely proceeded from her anger to that gentleman. She forced now much Mr. Wentworth must be mortified at her listening to the addresses of another and begin to think in the tumult of her passions, her obedience to her father was an indispensable part of her duty; to be revenged of the man who had treated her tenderness with so great a share of insolence, afforded her no little satisfaction; and any resolution against him she looked upon him as the effect of her reason, and not the consequence of her pride.

Thus full of a momentary indignation against Mr. Wentworth, Miss Charlotte received his lordship in a manner he had little reason to expect, from the knowledge of her prior attachment; and transported at the unexpected behaviour of his daughter, Sir John, whose notion of things, as we have already remarked, was not uncommonly delicate, took an opportunity of mentioning a particular day in the ensuing week for giving her hand to his lordship, notwithstanding the shortness of their acquaintance; to which, whatever Miss Charlotte might possibly feel in her heart, her anger to Mr. Wentworth, and her duty to her father, would by no means allow her to object.

All this time Mr. Wentworth passed in a manner very little to be envied. He expected every moment to receive some message from his Charlotte, and would gladly have been reconciled without any overtures of a submission on her side, could he prevail upon himself to make any on his own. The longer he delayed, the more his pride was mortified to think of speaking first; and possibly from an opinion that a woman who has once loved a man can never take any resolution against him, he declined it: he curst his own obstinacy a thousand times, yet continued inflexible; and like the generality of mankind, from wishing to be right, he fancied he was so. In hopes to pique Miss Charlotte, and oblige her to begin a reconciliation, he affected to pay his addresses to a lady of her own acquaintance; but, unhappily, instead of awakening her tenderness, it only inflamed her resentment; and notwithstanding the softness of her soul, and the extravagance of her passion she sacrificed herself to be revenged of Mr. Wentworth; and her anger induced her to give that hand to his lordship which no other consideration could possibly effect. The day at length arrived which tore her from the arms of the only man which she ever loved, and gave her into the hands of a person she never could regard.

Miss Charlotte was dressed in a white satin and silver, and appeared to the greatest advantage; but there was a certain air of sadness visible in her countenance, which spoke a heart very far from easy. She could not help seeing the preparation of the ceremony with the utmost terror and regret; but she was now too far gone to think of receding; and the fatal words, *I will*, were solemnly pronounced to his lordship, which she would have given her soul to have said to Mr. Wentworth.

The wedding-day was passed as the generality of wedding-days usually are, only that the gravity of the bride was by no means affected; an involuntary sigh now and then escapes her, and an unconscious tear would steal down her cheek, at the remembrance of Mr. Wentworth. His lordship, who guessed at the situation of her heart, and knew the necessity of allowing a little time to eradicate a former prepossession, politely took no notice of her behaviour; but made use of all the tenderness he was master of to mitigate her anxiety, and to divert her attention from the painful subject of her thoughts, till the proper time of retiring had involved her ladyship in a new scene of confusion and distress.

The news of their marriage soon reached the ears of Mr. Wentworth, and almost drove him to distraction; he now too late saw the effects of his own rashness and lamented the ridiculous nicety of of his behaviour; by his own heart he justly imagined the situation of Charlotte's, and the thought of having lost a woman whom he passionately loved, by his appearance of false delicacy and an affected pride, was a reflection he was scarcely able to support; every thing became hateful to his sight; and since his Charlotte was lost forever, he was determined not to stay a moment longer in a place where she was constantly called to his remembrance.

Accordingly he gave immediate direction for setting out for Holland, with an intent of joining the army, and sacrifice that life in the service of his country, which he could no longer enjoy with the smallest satisfaction. And though he languished to have a moment's conversation with his Charlotte before his departure; yet from a consciousness of the impropriety of requesting it, and the shame of seeing her again, he summoned resolution enough to quit London without the least endeavour to effect it; and set out on horseback for Harwich, attended by a trusty valet de chambre and a couple of footmen.

Mr. Wentworth had almost reached Harwich, and was buried in a profound reverie, when his horse, of whom he took but little care, suddenly starting at some thing, gave him a violent fall which fractured his skull; and though his servants conveyed him immediately to the nearest inn, and called in all possible assistance, the acuteness of the pain and the agony of his mind, threw him into a fever which gave the doctors no hopes of his recovery. Mr. Wentworth retained his senses, and appeared the only person unconcerned at the accident; and overhearing what was said of the danger he was in, seemed pleased at the prospect of a speedy dissolution; when the bursting of a lady into the room, who exclaimed in a tone of wildness, "*Where is he?*" suddenly called off the attention of the company. Mr. Wentworth, just raising his head to see so unexpected a visitant, pronounced, "*Good God! my Charlotte!*" and fell into a fit, from which he was with great difficulty recovered.

To account for the unexpected appearance of lady C——, in this place, we must inform the reader, that his lordship, observing her melancholy rather increase by the crowd of visitors which they were daily obliged to see, proposed an excursion to his country seat for a few weeks, and without knowing any thing of Mr. Wentworth, accidentally stopt at this inn in his way down; where one of that gentleman's servants saw her ladyship alight; and incautiously running up to her, cried out, "*O Madam, my master is dying above stairs!*" This was enough for lady C—— to forget all the traces of a resentment she began to reality to disapprove; and without ever recollecting she was the wife of lord C——, or that his lordship himself was a witness to her behaviour, she instantly desired the servant to show her up to his master. Lord C—— knew too much of the human heart to be surprised at her ladyship's conduct on this occasion; and whatever he might think, he was too generous to oppose it; he therefore took hold of her hand, and led her up himself to the chamber, where the perturbation of her heart occasioned the violence of her exclamation.

When Mr. Wentworth was a little recovered he desired that every person should withdraw but Lord and Lady C——, whom he intreated

to sit near the bed side; her ladyship was now in the most distrest situation we can possibly imagine; her heart almost burst to declare her concern for Mr. Wentworth; but her duty forbad the least token of her love. She was sensible how much reason his lordship had, not to be pleased with any mark of her tenderness for the gentleman, and could not think of her behaviour without the greatest confusion; when his lordship generously took pity on her distress, and made it his particular request, that she would omit no means of restoring the tranquility of Mr. Wentworth.

This goodness of his lordship only increased her embarrassment; and she would have been absolutely at a loss how to behave, if Mr. Wentworth had not begged to be heard a few moments and engaged her whole attention. That gentleman addressing himself to Lord C——, expressed his gratitude for his lordship's good nature, in terms the most polite; just touched upon his own engagement with lady C——, but particularly dwelt on her merit, the excess of his passion, and the madness of his behaviour—a subject he hoped his lordship would excuse a dying wretch to mention, before he was eternally torn from the sight of the only object he had ever loved; and concluded, endeavouring to turn himself to lady C——," I am happy, madam, in my *last* moments to have had this opportunity of opening my whole heart; a blessing I never flattered myself with the hope of enjoying when I set out upon this expedition; but as I could not bear to die, and imagine you entertained any doubt of my affection, a paper in that chest, which I have ordered my servant to deliver into your own hand after my decease, will not only serve to convince you of my sincerity, but to constitute you mistress of my whole fortune. Do not, I conjure you, if ever the name of Wentworth was dear to your esteem, deny the performing what I make my last request. The superintendance of my funeral, I earnestly beg you will undertake; and if the spirits in the other world can form any idea of what passes in this, your not hating my memory will give me the highest satisfaction—A few hours will separate us for ever.——

"O Cherlotte! my disease is far beyond the power of medicine! If the humanity of his lordship will allow me the happiness of touching your dear hand before I expire, my dying prayer shall bless him."

A scene like this was too affecting: his lordship was melted into tears, and lady C—— transfixed in an agony of grief unutterable. My lord took her hand himself, and put it into Mr. Wentworth's, who kissed it with a transport inexpressible, and holding it still in his, continued, "O God of compassion, from the throne of thy mercy look down, and take this weeping fair one under thy divine protection: let her days be prosperous and many, and crown her life with happiness and joy; let her be a blessing to her lord, and a blessing to all her friends; and after an uninterrupted possession of all the pleasures of this world, O take her to everlasting transport in the next!" This pronounced, he kissed lady C——'s hand again, and with a deep sigh expired.

It would be impossible to paint the distraction of lady C——, or the goodness of his lordship. Far from being offended at the excess of her concern, he only endeavoured to sooth her afflictions; and could scarcely help looking upon himself as the cause of her unhappiness. He had the body of Mr. Wentworth conveyed to the burial place of that gentlemans family, and attended himself as chief mourner; her ladyship's grief having occasioned an indisposition that rendered her coming abroad totally impossible. His lordship also ordered several hands melancholy legacies to be distributed among his servants; and settled an annuity upon the person who had the custody of Mr. Wentworth's papers. Yet, notwithstanding every measure is taken for restoring the peace of lady C——, a constant melancholy preys upon her spirits; and though she entertains the highest esteem for his lordship, he has the mortification of seeing her heart entirely possessed with the remembrance of another; while her affliction is sensibly increased, from the want of ability to return the kindness of so deserving a husband in a manner she could wish.

We have here a melancholy proof how frequently merit or fortune are incapable of procuring satisfaction or content; when the very means of attaining the possession are unhappily found to destroy it.

THE SORROW OF MEMORY.

By E. M. Roberson.

The following Stanzas, indeed, which so well Poetray the anguish of forsaken Love, Mrs. R. speaks the language of Poetical truth.

In vain to me the howling deep
Stern Winter's awful reign discloses:
In vain shall Summer zephyrs sleep
On fragrant beds of budding roses;
To me alike each scene appears,
Since thou hast broke my heart, or nearly,
While Memory wakes, in frequent tears,
That I have *lov'd* thee very *dearly*!

How many Summers have I dawdy!
How many Winters sad and dreary!
And still I thought thee to be gay,
Whether thy soul of ill was weary:
When lingering a caress among thy breast,
And bow'd thee to the earth severely,
I strove to lull the mind to rest;
For then I lov'd thee,—Oh, *how dearly*!

And though the flush of joy no more
Shall, o'er my cheek in hast e throwing,
Bid giddy fools that cheek adore,
And talk of passions ever glowing,—
Still to thy mind should time impart
A charm to bid it feel a secrely;
Nor idly would a breaking heart
That lov'd thee *long*, and *lov'd thee dearly*

Could go'd thy truant fancy bind,—
A faithful heart would still content me;
For, oh! to serve that heart unkind,
I gave *thee all that Fortune lent me*!
In youth, when suitors round me pressed,
Who vowed to love, and 'love sincerely,'
When wealth could never charm my breast,
Tho' thou wert poor *I lov'd thee dearly*.

Seek not the fragil dreams of love:
Such fleeting phantoms still deceive thee;
They will but transient bliss prove,—
In wealth beguile, in sorrow leave thee.
Ah! dost thou hope the *gentle mind*,
When thou art poor, will feel sincerely?
Wilt thou in such the friendship find,
Which warm'd the heart that *lov'd thee dearly*?

Though fickle passions cease to burn
For *Her*, *so long* thy bosom's treasure,
Ah! think that reason may return,
When far from thee my paths I measure;
Say, who will then thy conscience heal?
Or who will bid thy heart beat cheerly?
Or from that heart the moment steal
Of *Her* who *lov'd thee truly—dearly*.

When war shall rouse the bloody storm,
And horrors haunt thy thorny pillow;
When Fancy shall present my form,
Born on the wild and restless billow;
Oh! where wilt thou an helpmate find,
Whose heart, like mine, shall thrill sincerely,
Or who *thy* heart in spell's shall bind,
When *Her's* is broke that *lov'd thee dearly*!

When thou contending throngs shal't count,
Where party zeal has often crown'd thee;
Perchance, of Fortune's frowns the spot,
Caprice, or cold neglect may wound thee!
Then wilt thou find no gen'rous heart
To bid the bear misfortune cheerly;
No friend, in grief, to share a part
Like *Her* who lov'd thee *long and dearly*!

Could I to distant regions stray,
From *thee* my thoughts would never wander;
For, at the parting close of day,
By some lone vagrant rill's meander,—
Each *wandering* bee, each chilling wind,
Would tell the heart that's broken nearly,
In them, where'er they rove, to find
The faults of him I lov'd *so dearly*!

I will not court thy fickle love—
Soon shall our fates and fortune's severe;
For from thy sight will I remove,
And smiling sigh, 'adieu for ever!'
Give to the sordid friends thy days—
Still trust that they will act sincerely,—
And when the specious mask decays,
Lament the heart that *lov'd thee dearly*

For Time will swiftly journey on,
And Age with sickness haste to meet thee,
Friends prov'd deceitful will be gone,
When they no more with smiles can cheer thee
Then wilt thou seek in vain to find
A faithful heart that beats sincerely,—
A passion, counting in *the mind*,
Which, scorning interest, *lov'd thee dearly*!

When in the grave this heart of all sleep,
No soothing dreams will bless thy slumber;
For thou wilt often wake to weep,
And in despair my sorrows number!
My shade will haunt thine aching eye,
My voice in whispers tell thee clearly,
How *cold, at last, that bosom lies*
Which lov'd *thee long*, and *lov'd thee dearly*!

VARIETY.

PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Nothing is more adapted to give the last polish to the education of a young man than the conversation with virtuous and accomplished women. Their society serves to smooth the rough edges of our character and to mellow our temper. In short, the man who has never been connected with females of the better class, is not only deprived of many of the purest pleasures, but also will have little success in Social Life; and I should not like to be convinced by the hands of friendship with a man who has a bad opinion and speaks ill of the female sex in general. I have spent the happiest hours of my life in the society of amiable women, and if there were commendable qualities, or if after having been deceived so frequently by men and fickle fortune, bitterness vexation and resentment have not expelled benevolence and love from my soul, I owe the whole entirely to the salutary impressions which female conversation has made upon my mind.

A person advertising for a country house, that excludes, "if no *hounds* within ten miles, and *dancing* within twenty, the more agreeable.

BON MOT.

A gentleman and his friend passing along Newgate Street, where stopped by a crowd, on enquiring into the cause, were informed one *Vowel* was to be hanged, when one of the gentlemen observed to the other, he wondered what Vowel it was, and received for answer, 'neither U nor I you may swear, so let us pass on.'

MORAL THERMOMETER.

Shewing the effects of Temperance and Intemperance.

WATER, MILK AND WATER, AND SMALL BEER produce health, wealth, serenity of mind, reputation, long life and happiness

OVER WINE PORTER AND STRONG BEER taken only at meals and in moderate quantities, produce cheerfulness strength, and nourishment.

Tea, Grog and Brandy and Water, produce idleness, sickness, and debt.

Drams taken in the morning, produce dropsy, palsy, and consumption, and lead to rags hunger, the hospital, the penitentiary, or a jail

Drams during the day and night, produce apoplexy, madness, and suicide, and lead to the gallows.

In a recent country paper, a public house is advertised to be let, with the peculiar advantage of its being situated in a *hard drinking neighbourhood!*

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY 2, 1811.

A WONDERFUL STORY.

We are informed by a gentleman who was present when the following discovery was made and on the fidelity of whose narrative we place the utmost reliance, that on the 21st day of September, some persons were digging in a copperas cave, in the county of Warren, State of Tennessee, situated in what is usually called the Cony Fork of Cumberland river, ten miles below the Falls. That, at about 6 feet below the surface of the bottom of the cave, something like clothing was discovered, which upon further investigation, the bodies were found to be two in number, a male and female, which, as he expected it, they judged to have been buried in ancient times. They supposed the male, at the time of his decease, to have been about twenty five years of age. He was enveloped in the following manner: First, with a fine linen shirt; his legs were drawn up, and closely bound with dressed deer skins; then five dressed deer skins wrapped round his body, a twilled blanket wrapped round them, and a cane mat, six feet long, wrapped round the whole. His frame was entire, except the bowels; his hair of a fine complexion his teeth remarkably sound, and his stature above common. The body of the female was found interred about three feet from the other. Its position of lying was similar to that of the male. The carcase was enveloped first with two undressed deer skins, under which, upon the face, was found a small cane mat. Three or four dressed deer skins were wrapped round it, over which was folded a cane mat large enough to cover the whole. There were then five sheets, supposed to be made of nettle flax, wrought up curiously around each, with feathers of various kinds and colours. Two fans of feathers were next found upon the breast. The body, with the whole of the deer bed wrapping, was found in what was supposed to be a bar trunk or box, with a cane cover, which was wound upon two well dressed deer skins of the largest kind. The whole was girted with two straps. The female is supposed to have been from twelve to fifteen years of age—the eyes full and prominent as if alive. *Nashville Rev.*

A great part of the premises in Charlstown Massachusetts, known by the name of Warren Hall, was destroyed by fire, on Monday evening. It is supposed to be an incendiary attempt

FIRE AT PORTLAND.

Extract from a Letter from Portland, dated January 26.

"Last night this town was alarmed by fire.—It originated in Mr. Burman's store, Middle-st and had got considerably a head before a sufficient number had collected to stop it. In a very few moments the whole store, occupied by Messrs. Burman, Chadbourne and Co. was in flames—nothing could stop its progress, until it had communicated to Mr Haskell's shop, and spread down as far as the Union School House, when by pulling down a shed, its further ravages were stopped. Mr. Chadbourne saved nothing but his books, Mr. R. Cross lost a great part of his stock. Mr. Dana lost a large quantity of wine, &c. which was stored in E. Howe's cellar. The whole corner, from Dana's shop to the Union School-House, is level'd with the ground. The buildings on the oppos te side of the street caught several times, but by, the exertions of the people were saved."

SALES AT AUCTION.

BY ROBERT M'MENNOMY & CO.

No. 123, Water Street,

On Monday the 4th of February,

REAL ESTATE.

At 1 o'clock at the Tontine Coffee-House, if not sold at private sale, the valuable Lot of Ground situate No 22 Harman street together with the improvements, which consists of three comfortable houses 2 cisterns and other out houses, all nearly new and in complete repair.—The Lot is 25 feet front and rear and 100 feet deep, on each side and is now rented for nearly $300 per annum until the 1st May—is in all probability one of the first stands for a retail Grocer and is daily increasing in value

TERMS

10 per cent on the day of sale, 40 per cent on the execution of the deeds and the remainder in equal payments of 12 3 and 4 years

Tuesday 5 h Feb

Trustee Sale of Real Estate.

At 1 o'clock at the Tontine Coffee-House, 9 Lots of Ground in the 10th Ward, fronting on Norfolk Hester and Suffolk streets, known on a map of same made by William Burdges, by No's 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 & 10 which may be seen at the Coffee House

Terms on the day of sale

P Wilson, F Arden, G Wilson, P Wilson Jun } Trustees for Jacob S Arden

At Private Sale.

4 qr casks London Particular Madeira wine fit for immediate family use.

On Wednesday, 6th Feb.

At 1 o'clock at the Tontine Coffee House.

A valuable lease in Warren-st. 40 years unexpired from 1st May of three Lots of Ground, with the buildings thereon, situate on the north west corner of Warren & Chapple sts. viz 2 Lots on Warren-st. 25 by 75 feet each, and 1 on Chapple-st 25 by 75 feet The above Lots are well calculated for building genteel houses on Warren-st As the Chapple-street Lots are immediately in the rear of the Warren-street Lots and well suited for Stables. The whole subject to a ground rent of $330 per ann. Further particulars at the auction room.

WANTED

A number of young Ladies to net Fringe for Parasols at M Rabbesons No 49 Maiden Lane

COURT OF HYMEN

'Tis thine sweet power, to raise the tho't sublime
Quell each rude passion, and the heart refine—
Soft are thy hands as Gabriel's genteel string,
Mild as the breathing zephyrs of the Spring.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev Mr Willston, Mr. Dyer Brainerd, to Miss Sally Seymour both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev Mr. Bangs the Rev Nehemiah Tompkins, to Miss Nancy Sherwood, youngest daughter of capt. Moses Sherwood, late of this city.

At Saunzey (R I.) Rev Philip Sleed, aged 51 years to Miss Phebe Sleed, of Somerset, aged 24 years What is most remarkable in this union, the bridegroom had remained a widower far FIVE weeks, and married after a tedious courtship of EIGHTEEN days.

In Middletown, Vm. Captain Elisha Woodbury, aged only 75! to Miss Rhoda Bidwell, aged 19

MORTALITY.

The debt of nature must by all be paid,
Each mortal sure must pass death's dreary way:
Known to the Christian—'tis the path that leads
His soul to bliss, and ever'lasting day.

DIED,

On Saturday evening. last after a lingering illness, Mrs. Hannah Sadkeld, aged 56.

The same evening of a lingering illness, Henry Goodman.

On the 17th inst at his brother's seat on staten-Island Mr. James Kearney, of Monmouth County, New Jersey.

On Monday morning, after a lingering and painful illness, John B Brooks, late of this city.

On Wensday evening. last after a lingering illness, Mr Jacob Lanckenou, aged 61 years, a native of Germany.

In Salem harbour, Captain Samuel Masury, aged 57, for a long time master of the Custom House Boat of that port, The boat was just leaving an outward bound ship. when her mast caught in the rigging, and she upset and sunk, The crew of the boat (four in number) were picked up as soon as possible by the ships boat, but Mr Masury expired a few minutes after being taken out of the water,

At Norfolk, Virginia. Mrs Rachel Ferry, aged 101 years and 10 months, She was a native of New-Haven; her original name was Munson.

New Novels &c. for sale at the Office,

Scottish Chiefs
Dominican
Celebs in search of a Wife
Adeline Mowbray
Bravo of Venice
Leonora
Modern Ship of Fools, &c.

ALSO,

Just received a neat pocket Edition of Young's Night Thoughts. price 75 cents.

Cash given fo clean Cotton and Linen Rags at his Office

CISTERNS

made and put in the ground, warranted tight by DUNN AND ROTHERY, ROSS-STREET, Two doors from Pearl-Street

April14 1140—

REEVE'S WATER COLORS IN BOXES, Of various sizes, just received, and for sale Cheap, AT No. 5, PECK-SLIP.

WNTED,

An Apprentice to the Chair-making Business, apply at No. 8 Peck-Slip

COURT OF APOLLO.

We have never seen any description of the Night Mare to be compared to the following, extracted from SATURDAY'S UNION. *Bost Argis*

NIGHT MARE.

There, for example, I remember well,
When forth I went to saunter free from care;
Heaven knows from whence, a dark and grisly bear
Rush'd out before my pathway, grim as hell.
I, mute with horror grasp my trusty blade,
Pull, pull in vain!—my limbs no longer aid—
Down drop my slacken'd joints—the monster there
Grows as I gaze—jaws widen—eyeballs glare!
I cannot fight nor fly, by viewless force delay'd!

Another time, when, from your evening meal
You dream that home returning, by the way,
Where an old mansion totters in decay,
As fearfully along the gloom you steal,
At once a little window shutter rings,
And looking out a none of giant springs
Long as your arm! where'er you strive to fly,
Before behind, strange phantoms fix your eye,
Loll out a length of tongue, and dart their fiery stings.

Then while in deadly fright you breathless glide,
And sideways press against the wall, behold
A wrinkled hand with skinny fingers cold,
From a round hole at once is felt to slide
Chill down your backs, and tumbles you about
From rib to rib, to pinch you well, no doubt,
Up starts each bristling hair; to bar your flight,
The street still narrower grows before your sight,
Colder the hand of ice, logger the giant snout!

Such things as I have said, full oft appear,
But at the last they prove mere fooleries vain,
Spun by night spirits in the heated brain;
The nose, and all the pangs of idle fear,
Fade as you wake, and vanish into air.

STANZAS,

From Montgomery's Poem on the recent destruction of POPE'S WILLOW, at Twickenham.

One morn, while Time thus mark'd the tree,
In beauty green and glorious,
'The hand,' he cried, that planted thee,
O'er mine was oft victorious.
Be vengeance now my calm employ,
One work of POPE'S I will destroy.

He spoke, and struck a silent blow
With that dread arm, whose motion
Lays cedars, thrones, and temples low,
And wields o'er land and ocean
The unremitting axe of doom,
That fills the forest of the tomb.

Deep to the Willow's root it went,
And cleft the core asunder,
Like sudden, secret lightning, sent
Without recording thunder:
From that sad moment, slow away
Began the Willow to decay.

LINES TO VIRTUE.

By a Lady.

What tho' beneath a humble roof,
I live, and die, unknown to fame!
From courts and cities far aloof,
And great ones ne'er pronounce my name.

Tho' soon, beside some lonely heath,
I'm lodg'd 'mid undistinguish'd dead,
With not a friend to weep my death,
Nor place a marble at my head:

Yet Virtue! thou shalt make me blest,
Thy hand shall lead, thy arms sustain;
And life, with thee, shall lack no rest,
And death, with thee shall give no pain!

MORALIST.

VIRTUE.

In the highest exercise and improvement of reason, the integrity, the harmony, and just ballance of affection—the health, strength, and beauty of the mind. The perfection of Virtue is to give reason free scope: to obey the authority of conscience with alacrity; to exercise the defensive passions with fortitude; the private with temperance; the public with justice; and all of them with prudence; that is in a due proportion to each other and an entire subservency to a calm diffusive benevolence; to adore and love God with a disinterested and unrivalled affection; and to acquiesce in his providence with a joyful resignation. Every approach to this standard is an approach of affection and happiness: And every deviation from it, a deviation to Vice and Misery.

SALES AT AUCTION.

BY ROBERT M'MENNOMY & CO.

No. 120, Water Street,

This evening at half past 5 o'Clock, a Valuable collection of Books, of Law, Divinity, History Travels, Novels &c

N B There will be Sales of Books on every Saturday Evening, through the season, Catalogues on the day of Sale

CHANCERY SALE.

On the 4th of March

Thomas Demarest and Daniel Huesers—vs—William Todd and others.

At 1 o'clock at the Tontine Coffee House, the House and Lot of Ground No 3 Grand street known by Lot Number ——, on a map of the property of the late Mr. Cannon, in the 7th ward. The House is 2 stories high and brick front. For Particulars, see the notice of P G Hildreth, Esq. Master in Chancery, Published in the Columbian.

FOR SALE,

A FARM.

Situated at Whiteplains, within three miles of Maroneck and Ryeneck Landings on the said Farm is a dwelling house, having five rooms on the first floor, two of which are not finished, a good building alone a Barn Cornerib and Blacksmith Shop and other out building

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